i'm in the hands of fate

by worry

Summary

This is the time of peace. This is the time of purity. This is the time of innocence.

Unfortunately, this period of time does not last very long.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

0.

Larry Trainor is not Larry Trainor yet. It takes time. Becoming takes time.

_Becoming holds you down, the concept of creation sewn into pure whole-flesh. Becoming coils around your neck, the concept of creation and purity if you just—if you just reach out and take it, if you eat the fruit, if you open yourself up

to other hands and other skin, molding you

into the man you should be, the man you could be if you just

stopped_
touching. If your knees touched pavement for something holy instead. If, instead of drenching yourself in sinful seizes of the body, old stories, you had prayed just a little bit harder, just a bit more often, if you had wept, but instead you touched what should never be touched.

Yearned for it behind walls, between plane wings that will never be real wings.

This is not apparent, when Larry’s eyes open for the first time. In the beginning, in the original time-shattered becoming. This is the time of peace. This is the time of purity. This is the time of innocence.

Unfortunately, this period of time does not last very long.

7.

Larry Trainor’s single-digit existence is not Larry Trainor yet. On his seventh birthday, his parents give him a chocolate cake and the frosting ruins his best clothing; Larry himself has not been ruined yet. On his seventh birthday, his parents gift him a bicycle that skins his knees when he rides it; Larry himself has not been ruined yet, only his skin, only his armor. He does not know that he has armor, but he knows that he has armor.

It doesn’t take much to ruin children. It does not take much to ruin anyone—young or middle aged or elderly. The right violence, the wrong kiss, the forbidden losses, and the heart of the innocent appears in your hands. Your blood on their bodies. Their lives in your hands, and your blood an omnipresent, tainting mark. A fair exchange.

The human mind is an untempered dreamscape. It has to be. Humanity cannot cope without its dreams, without something to escape to when knees get skinned and bikes crash into trees, when young boys have dreams about other young boys on their second day of being seven.

Larry is about five feet, one inch tall, and his mattress swallows him, the blankets as a cage of teeth, holding him in (holding him under—). He’s stuck in its jaw, and its jaw is unforgiving.

The third boy to attend his birthday party looks at him with gentleness and hands him a piece of chocolate cake. The third boy has blond hair like sunlight, freckles like the glowing lines of the night sky. Larry can’t remember his name—he is a neighbor’s son, who Larry had never met beforehand. He wants this boy to be his best friend. He wants it more than he wanted his bicycle. At this age, he
wants it more than anything else he has wanted before. They can play games together outside, they can eat breakfast together, they can be whatever his mom and dad have, someday.

He keeps this dream a secret. He knows, inexplicably, the repercussions that would arise if he shared it.

10.

It’s the first day of school, and Larry is a big kid now. In his eyes. In his parents’ eyes, Larry is becoming a liability. Larry doesn’t understand it, won’t understand it for a very long time. Your family is supposed to love you no matter what. Your family is supposed to value you over appearances.

In the future, this builds up to a truth. Now, however, Larry’s naivety is an admirable weakness. He still believes in familial love, still expects tenderness. What else is there, beyond love?

At recess, a boy approaches him. He puts his hands on Larry’s shoulders. “You’re my best friend now,” he says. “Let’s go play, okay?”

Larry, mesmerized, responds positively. “Okay,” he says. “I’m Larry, what’s your name?”

There’s no response. He’s being dragged by the wrist to the edges of the playground. The very edge, away from the eyes of every other child. They’re too absorbed in themselves to notice him, regardless—he tells himself this, in simpler words, tries to believe it, tries to calm his sweating palms and racing heart.

“Let’s play doctor,” he says, stopping Larry abruptly. “It’ll be fun.”

“How d’you play that?”

“Tell me where it hurts and I’ll fix it.”

Larry looks down at himself. He has no reason to be in pain, yet. “Can I be the doctor? I don’t really hurt right now.”
“Lucky… okay, fine.” He puts Larry’s hand on his chest, and Larry can feel a quick pulse—a startling flutter, what it means to be alive, the secrets of the world beyond God’s measure. “My heart,” he says, refusing to let Larry pull away. “Can you help me?”

“Sure—”

“What are you two doing back here?”

It’s his teacher. Larry snaps himself back into anatomical position for examination and dissection. This is it, he’s in trouble.

“We’re just playing!” he says, to drown the fear. Why is he afraid? What is wrong with this?

“And what are you playing?”

“Larry,” he whispers, “no—”

“We’re playing doctor.”

“I see. Well. It’s time for class.”

She takes both of their hands. It is violent, unlike the other boy’s innocent touch.

15.

Larry, fifteen years old. Larry, growing older. He has developed real desires by now, pulsating feelings that are difficult to push away—

He gives in. He cannot taste holiness any further, only his own paranoia. Every time he gives in—thinks about another man when—
He hides himself, at school. Forces himself away from classmates, folds into himself, his body devouring his body. He doesn’t look at the faces of other boys and he doesn’t look at their bodies and he doesn’t speak—only daydreams in class, of better times. Larry protects others from his defect when he walks alone.

In several decades the loneliness will be soaked up and scrubbed away, but Larry is young now and cannot imagine living past age twenty—he’s either going to be killed or kill himself, surely; he is a strain on this universe, a fracture in the world’s creation.

Larry Trainor becomes Larry Trainor the first time he puts a jackknife to his skin, yearning for liberation, hoping for an outcome that will end the suffering around him.

End Notes

wow i’m sorry
please kudos + comment if enjoyed! :)

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